



1925

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# SNAPS AND SCRAPS





Dearest Lucy.

This album was  
left to me; and I treasure  
it & leaf through its pages  
often

Please Return this to  
me as it is one of all  
our great treasures

I hope you will be  
able to spend more time  
with David and me  
this year

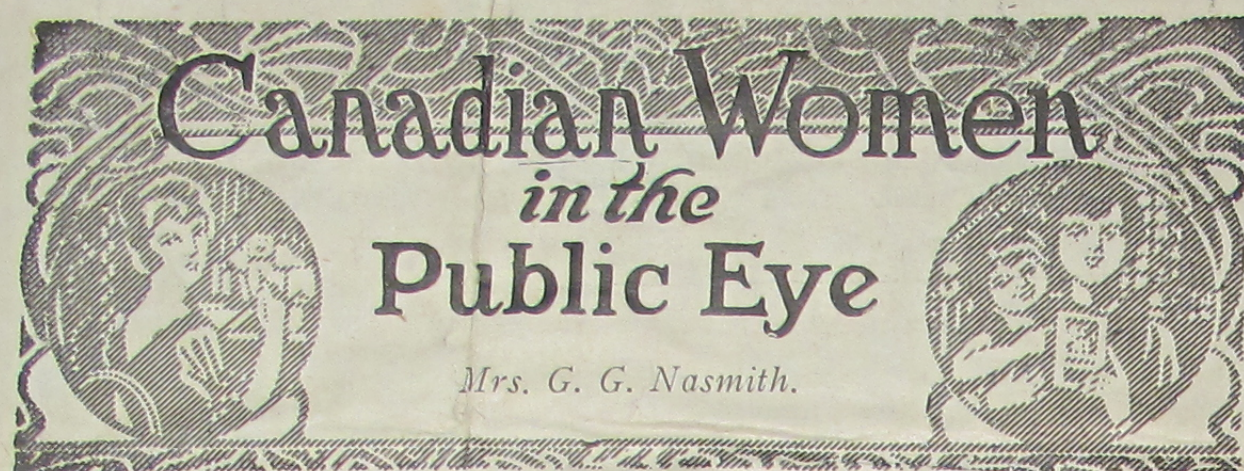
All our love

Nancy & David

David says she can have  
it photo-copied & get a <sup>copy</sup>  
to give to people



Sept. 11, 1920

Toronto  
SATURDAY NIGHT—

STANDING on a quiet street in Toronto is a building, beautiful in its simplicity, modelled on the lines of the Library at Athens, Greece. This is the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, and it was here that I found its Principal, Mrs. George Nasmith. Indeed it seemed a fitting place to find her, for there is an appropriate setting or background for every unique personality, and this Greek temple of beauty, so almost austere in its dignity of outline, provides the proper *entourage* for one whose life is so much in accord with the Greek ideals.

Simple and straightforward in manner, one felt in conversing with Mrs. Nasmith that one was in the presence

have the rather curious phenomenon of women being initiated into physical education and men into voice culture at about the same time in this particular college.

During the ten years that Mrs. Scott-Raff was in residence at Annesley Hall, she took courses in Dramatic Literature, in philosophy and Psychology at Toronto University. These she supplemented with courses at the Boston School of Expression and with lectures at Oxford and in France.

It is here that an unique feature of Mrs. Nasmith's method might be mentioned.

"I would like to say this for the sake of other women," she said.

white Resurrection Lilies, passion flowers and summer flax. Blue was the Queen's favorite color. She believed it to be a spiritual color.

"I thanked the supposed gardener for his kindness and went to my hotel where a laughing group greeted me with the words, 'Well, how do you like the King?' 'What King?' I asked. 'King George of Greece. Look at him now!' I looked through the window and saw the one I had supposed to be the gardener with his left foot on the stirrup, about to mount a magnificent thoroughbred. A riding cap upon his head bore the Royal Coat of Arms. It was he who had with such gracious simplicity shown me the Queen's Gardens, and King George of Greece, brother of our own beloved Queen—Alexandra—galloped off toward the violet crowned hills of Athens on the road that leads to Marathon."

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IN 1901, Mrs. Nasmith had opened a studio for the teaching of Literature, Expression, and Physical Education, but upon her return from abroad she felt how inadequate these quarters were in which to work out her ideas of education.

"I had in mind a school for Canadians," she said "a school for the development of the whole body and the whole mind. I confided in one of my friends, Mrs. Timothy Eaton, my desire, and she said, 'I will ask father (as she called her husband) to build you a school.'"

She kept her word, and through the generosity of the late Mr. Timothy Eaton and of Margaret Eaton, his wife, the lovely building in North Street, Toronto, came into being in 1907.

The work has grown steadily with the years. A week before Dr. Burwash died he went to see the school, and looking round he said to Mrs. Nasmith: "We are twenty years ahead of our time. As soon as the war is over this school will come into its own."

And it has!

What is the ideal that animates it? It is Mrs. Nasmith's own ideal, the development of the complete woman, mentally, morally and physically, so that she may give of her best to the world.

In the Academic course, involving studies in English, Dramatic Art and

French, and in the courses in Voice Culture and Physical Education, this ideal is practically worked out.

"The one great question I ask my students," said Mrs. Nasmith, "is, What are they going to DO in the world?—what is their idea of service?"

"During the first year at the school the student strives to *Know*—during the second, to *Do*, and during the third year to *Become* like her ideal."

My own motto is *Prodesse quam conspici*,—"To be rather than to seem to be."

In 1916, Mrs. Scott-Raff married Colonel George G. Nasmith, C.M.G. "You see I am a war bride," she said smiling.

Amid all her other labors she has taken time to write a play, "The Message," which was produced at the closing exercises of The Margaret Eaton School last June, at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. In this little play, which is exquisite in theme and handling, the author "puts to shame" the popular Ouija Board, and shows how man may rely upon his own in-

nate spiritual faculties for real spiritual revelations. She believes that "spirit with spirit may meet," and that there is no need for such expedients as the planchette. The school has fostered the "Little Theatre" movement which is being carried out so successfully at Hart House, in connection with the University of Toronto, and Mrs. Nasmith looks forward to the day when she can give up more of her time to play-writing.

For nearly twenty years she has prepared herself, using every means to self-development in her power, to carry out the ideal which is embodied in the school. Of course the ideal sometimes "exceeds her grasp." But what of that? As her favorite poet, Browning, says:

"Let a man contend to the uttermost

"For his life's prize, be what it will."

"I believe that the biggest things in life are Love and Service," she said, and she quoted these lines from "Pippa Passes":

"All service ranks the same with God, cr

With God whose puppets, best and worst are we; there is no last or first."



MRS. G. G. NASMITH, OF TORONTO.

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It is not easy to get her to speak about herself. "I would far rather talk about my work," she said. "My work is myself."

I found that in discussing her work I gained an insight into the *motifs* that have swayed her life, and have determined the actions that help to make up the record of a very interesting personal history.

She was born in Waterdown, Ontario. Her father, the Rev. James Scott, was a clergyman noted in his day for the "silver tongue" which made him a brilliant preacher. He came from Belfast, Ireland, as did, also, her mother, a gentlewoman of the old school, unfailing in her punctilious observance of an exquisite, old-world courtesy, and with certain psychic gifts that she has transmitted to her daughter.

After having passed through the Collegiate Institute at Owen Sound, where her parents had moved when she was just a baby, the young girl, Emma Scott, took up the study of art. Art, Mrs. Nasmith confesses, is her real work. She took a course at the Ontario School of Art in Toronto and obtained there all her diplomas and the certificate that qualifies her to teach art.

Her marriage to Mr. W. Bryant Raff took place soon after this. She met him in Colorado where she lived for three years and where her daughter was born. After the death of her husband in 1897, she returned to Toronto and entered the Conservatory of Music under the principalship of Mr. H. N. Shaw. When he was made Principal of the Toronto College of Music she followed there, and graduated from the College as a Fellow, qualified to teach Expression and Physical Education. She then became Director of Physical Culture for women at Victoria College, and for ten years was in residence at Annesley Hall.

"Chancellor Burwash," she said, "a life-long friend of my father's was the first to really espouse a course in physical culture for women in Victoria College."

In her last two years at Victoria College, she gave lessons in voice culture to many young theological students, and this was the beginning of voice culture for men at Victoria. So we

"Many times a woman's power is really curtailed in taking a general course at a University, and if she is going to make her way in the world in a work she believes to be her own work, she herself should make a selection and choose those subjects which will be of most help to her in her individual case. Dr. Burwash used to say to me when I was in doubt about taking a general course, 'Work out a pioneer method of your own.'"

In the Margaret Eaton School it is this very "pioneer method" that is put into practice. While the full course leading to diplomas is open only to students who have matriculation or Junior Leaving, they are so arranged that there is no diffusiveness leading to squandering of effort. They are sufficiently broad but at the same time concentrated and calculated to insure the most effectual results.

"All culture should carry with it a bread-winning power," is the conviction of the principal, and a real effort is made by the students to carry out this precept.

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**I**MPELLED by her interest in Art, and following upon her visits to England and France, Mrs. Nasmith went to Athens, Greece, where she studied under Miss Stone, the well-known archaeologist, and it was through her that she met Monsier Kalogeropolous and later Monsieur Venizelos.

"The Library in Athens," she said, "made such a strong appeal to my imagination that my one idea was to come back to Canada and have a place built on just such simple, beautiful lines, a place in which I might do my work."

While in Athens she had an interesting but rather embarrassing experience. "I wandered one day into the garden of King George of Greece," she said, "and meeting one whom I thought to be the gardener, I told him I had come to see a very old sundial. That was true, and he very courteously took me down the path to see the sundial. He inquired if I was an Englishwoman, and when I said, No, I was a Canadian, he showed an added interest, and asked me to let him show me the garden that had been planted there under the direction of Queen Alexandra. I then saw one of the most beautiful gardens I have ever seen. Blue flowers were everywhere. Daintiest rows of them bordered the currant bushes, and tall,

And it has!  
What is the ideal tha  
It is Mrs. Nasmith's c  
development of the cor  
mentally, morally and  
that she may give of h  
world.

In the Academic co  
studies in English, Dra





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